

DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU—CONFUCIUS.
THE WORLD IS MY COUNTRY; TO DO GOOD MY RELIGION—TOM PAINE.
AN HONEST GOD IS THE NOBLEST WORK OF MAN—INGERSOLL.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY; \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XI. NO. 12.

LEXINGTON, KY., SUNDAY, MAY 11, E. M. 302.

\$1.00 A YEAR



Charles C. Moore
Editor

TERMS OF THE BLADE.

1 issue for one year \$1.00.
5 " " " " \$2.50

TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance; in clubs of five 50 cent; foreign subscription \$1.50.

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OFFICE of publication: 129 East Third Street.

ENTERED at the Post office at Lexington, Ky., as Second Class Mail.

Address all communications to: BLUE GRASS BLADE, P. O. BOX, 393, Lexington, Kentucky.

Published WEEKLY at \$1.00 a year, in advance.

Club Rates and Sample Copies.

The BLADE will be sent for 50 cents a year each for any order for FIVE or more. Sample copies will be sent free.

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Rowell's Newspaper Directory says:

5,368.
Average Weekly Circulation for 1900

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CHARLES C. MOORE.

"THE DAMNED STUFF CALLED ALCOHOL."

I believe that alcohol, to a certain degree, demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it.

I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm of the distillery until it empties into the hell of crime, death and dishonor, it demoralizes everybody that touches it.

I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against this liquid crime.

All you have to do is to think of the wrecks upon either bank of this stream of death—the suicides, of insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the distress, of the little children tugging at the faded dresses of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the men of genius it has wrecked; of the millions who have struggled with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing.

And when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol.

ROBERT C. INGERSOLL.

JONAH AND THE WHALE.

THE MYSTERY—A ZODIACAL ALLEGORY.

Jonah, the Constellation of Aquarius, And the Whale, the Constellation Of the Great Fish.

Versailles, Ky., April 20th, 302.

Mr. Jas. E. Hughes:

I make the special request that you publish the enclosed article on "Jonah and the Whale" written by Dr. J. B. Wilson several years ago. I do not think it ever appeared in the Blade, but if it has, it is worthy of reprinting many times, as is everything Dr. Wilson writes, as is combination of learning and common sense never fail to awaken some minds drugged with superstition.

The day is coming when a congregation of ordinary people will reject as an insult to their intelligence sermons teaching that the story of Jonah and the whale, and similar fables, are facts. In that day the name of Dr. J. B. Wilson will be enrolled in letters of light with the liberators of the human mind. Those who have released their fellows from degrading superstitions that have made mental paralytics and moral cowards of the human race.

JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

This story, which has perplexed theologians and scientists for so many centuries, is as old as the Zodiac. Every student of mythology understands it, while mankind in general stands gaping, with open-mouthed astonishment, believing, yet doubting the truth of it. Yet priest says that their Christ approved the story, and they fear to express the doubts they naturally indulge of the most foolish thing it is possible for their brains to entertain.

It has been a subject of public debate, more or less, ever since Lyman Abbott discussed the subject over a year ago from the Plymouth pulpit. He seemed to be ignorant of its meaning. I have been astonished that such extensive discussion has not revealed the mystery, since it is plainly but briefly told by Imman, Dupuis, Taylor and others. I shall here explain it in full, so that a child who has a good understanding of astronomy can understand it.

McGarvey, of Lexington, wrote a book upon the subject, which is as impotent of the truth as he is ignorant of the inhabitants of Mars. Free-thinkers deny the story and laugh at it as one of the many insane hallucinations of religion, which indeed it really is, in the exoteric sense. In the first place, the whale does not inhabit the Mediterranean Sea, and in the next place, the throat of the whale is only four to six inches in diameter. Everything it swallows is first ground to a pulp between its ponderous crushing bones. Such would have been the fate of Jonah had he really been swallowed by the whale; and greater still grows the mystery when we are told that he was vomited forth from the whale, sound and well. The theologian gets around this by saying that the monster was "a Great Fish." In this they are nearer the truth, as we shall presently show.

Let it be understood that the Jesus of the Bible never existed; that he is only a personification of the Sun, and an analogue of Buddha, Prometheus, Aesculapius, Zeus, Horus and numerous other Sun Deities, who said and did everything he said and did, and who were supposed to exist thousands of years before him. The Zodiac is as old as the history of man. We trace it back to the ancient Chaldees, who traced it still further back into the night of human history. The story of Jesus, the Sun, has existed in all of its details ever since the Zodiac was established. Let it be remembered that the Zodiac exists today, with all its Pagan significance, just as it existed in the remote history of our race, when it developed from Phallic to Solar worship.

The Winnipeg Indians, the ancient Mexicans and other tribes of the Western Continent, as well as the tribes of South Africa, have been in possession

of the story of Jesus, and handed it down by tradition, for thousands of years, antedating Christianity. This establishes the undeniable fact that the Jewish Jesus is but a Pagan analogue of the Sun; an exact reproduction of the Sun's personification, as held by all Pagan people, slightly modified by Jewish history and Roman interpolation.

Every sensible being well knows that the real existence of the miraculous Jesus is an anatomical impossibility and a physiological absurdity. A ghost the father of a child? Jesus and his twelve apostles are but symbols of the Sun and the twelve signs of the Zodiac, corresponding to the twelve months of the year, which Jesus, the Sun, governs or is said to pass through.

The first month of the year is January—the forerunner of the other months. The root of the word January is "Jan," and finds its origin in Janus, the first god of the Romans.

The month of January in and about Asia Minor, Egypt and India is the rainy month of the year. It was so symbolized in the Zodiac by the figure of Aquarius, which, resting upon one knee, is represented as pouring water from a pitcher. This is the month in which the Nile, the —phrates—the Ganges and other rivers overflow—the flood-time of the year. It is for this reason the figure is called Aquarius, from "Aqua"—water; and is represented as pouring water from a pitcher, symbolizing the flood.

As Solar worship was the prevailing religion among all the nations of the earth, each had a distinct personification for the month of January. This was necessarily so because the different nations spoke different languages. Among the Romans, Aquarius was personified as Janus, from which we derive the word January, for which Aquarius is the Zodiacal sign. Among the Greeks it was called Iannes; among the Egyptians Oannes; among the Christians John the Baptist, who came baptizing with water, the forerunner of Christ, the Sun, whose influence sends the water to the needy earth; among the Ephesians Aquarius was personified as Jonah, and so on with all the various races of men.

All of these different personifications Janus, John, Oannes, Iannes, Jonah, etc., are the same mythical individual—standing for the month of January, or Janu-ary. The difference in spelling the word is due only to the difference of language, the same as Wilhelm in Germany and William in English. They are all the same word—John, the baptist, the Great Dipper, the forerunner of the month, which heralds the approach of Jesus, the Sun.

"Jonah," then, be it understood, is the Ephesian personification of the month of January whose —tail symbol, common to all nations then, as is today, is Aquarius, the water bearer. In speaking of Aquarius, then, we speak also of Jonah, for they are identical personalities. Now we come to the story of Jonah, or Aquarius, being swallowed by the whale.

Immediately preceding the constellation of Aquarius (or Jonah) is the constellation of the "Great Fish." The Great Fish is the picture of a fish, and head upward, with mouth wide open, and pointing to Aquarius (or Jonah), as in the act of swallowing him. As the constellations proceed in their westward course, the tail of the Great Fish dips into the horizon (or sea) and gradually disappearing, with wide-open mouth, seems to swallow Aquarius (or Jonah), who follows directly after, and both disappear under the horizon or into the sea.

It is thus that the constellation of Aquarius (or Jonah) is swallowed up by the constellation of the "Great Fish," and disappears from sight, as each constellation does in its turn.

It is just three months after, corresponding to the three Bible days in which Jonah remained in the whale's belly, that these two constellations reappear in the eastern horizon, or sea.

As the "Great Fish" descended into the sea tail downward, it reappears tail upward; and when its entire figure is suspended in the heavens, its wide-open mouth, of course, points downward, as in the act of vomiting. And as Aquarius, or old Jonah, is next

to appear above the horizon, the Great Fish is supposed to vomit him out upon the land.

This allegory, from the Pagan standpoint, is not without its beauty. From the Christian standpoint, which accepts its reality, it is the expression of ignorance, deceit, and a vile conspiracy to extract money by promulgating mystery, and confounding the minds of men by a philosophy which has no place in natural law. Everything mythical, miraculous and supernatural that is thus supported by the priesthood, has the same mercenary design.

All of these so-called mysteries of the Bible are easily explainable, and are well known to the student of Paganism and Religio-Astronomical science. Unfortunately, there are but few who are initiated into these subjects. We will say in defense of the clergy that but few of them know anything about the esoteric meaning of their religion. The Jesuits know all about the mysteries. The other orders of the priesthood are as ignorant as babies. The Protestant clergy —wise are still in diapers. Most of them know that Christianity can't be true; that something is wrong; that it isn't true; but they can't see just exactly where the wrong lies, and so go on through life preaching what their consciences tell them must be a lie. They are generally honest because they are ignorant. They are infants who have never been educated to any other system of feeding, or grown accustomed to any other diet.

J. B. WILSON.

WHERE JUDGE JIM GOT HIS METER.

You know in poetry there are different kinds of meter—long meter, short meter, common meter and "meet her by moonlight alone."

Judge Jim Mulligan's "In Kentucky" has gone the rounds and been parodied in many shapes.

Only two of the parodies were good—one was mine and the other was by a fellow who signed himself "Daniel Boone." Some got off by Kentucky State College boys was damnable.

The Bliss Magazine for January, 1902, contains a poem that seems to be the model of Judge Jim's poem. This issue of the magazine is devoted exclusively to "Labor Strikes."

The first verse of the poem is as follows:

All nature is sick from her heels to her hair
During a strike,
She's all outen klitter an' outen repair,
During a strike,
Aint no juice in the earth an' no salt in the sea,
Aint no ginger in life in this land of the free,
An' the universe aint what it's cracked up to be,
During a strike.

GROSS IMMORALITY

Charged Against Governor Davis, of Arkansas.

Little Rock, Ark., April 21.—Charges of "gross immorality" have been made by the Discipline Committee of the Second Baptist Church of Little Rock, against Governor Jeff. Davis.

He said that his family would remain in the church, but that he desired to worship elsewhere. He said that he would prefer a letter in order to get out of the affair quietly. He reiterated his professions of loyalty to the church, as given in his letter of resignation as vice president of the Baptist State convention.

After some discussion it was decided that the charges be investigated Wednesday night and the congregation will be left to decide what disposition shall be made of them and the Governor as a fellow-member. It is expected that a sub-committee will be authorized to visit Hot Springs, Camden, Texarkana, North West Arkansas and other points in the State at which place it has been charged that the Governor has been guilty of most disgraceful drunken orgies.

Travels in Faith.

By Capt. Robert C. Adams. Being the story of his mental journey from orthodoxy to rationalism. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

Data of Ethics.

By Herbert Spencer. \$1.25.

CHRISTIAN CRIME

Is Rampant in Lexington, a Storm Center of Religion.

Every influence in Lexington, excepting the Blue Grass Blade, that stands alone protesting against it, is for the Christian religion.

It is a city of churches, religious colleges, distilleries, saloons, breweries, houses of prostitution, gambling dens and race tracks. It is an incessant scene of crime; not merely the stealing of money by preachers and the murder of men by men, but the murder of the Christian wife by the Christian husband, crazy under the influence of the whisky made by Christians—"the damned stuff called alcohol" as Ingersoll said it was.

A few days since a Christian named McCarty full of whisky, Saturday night getting himself in a religious frame of mind for his devotions next day, shot his wife in the back as she ran from him. She fell but not being quite dead he raised her and held her up until he shot another big hole clear through her and then dropped her dead. Mrs. Swigert who witnessed the shooting was so shocked that she has lost her mind and has been sent to a lunatic asylum.

In a few days more of not now, Christian women will be going with some man like Rucker to play with McCarty and take flowers to him, and McCarty will be one of the pets of the Christian society of Lexington.

Mrs. McCarty is reported to have been a good woman, and McCarty a reason for killing her is that he suspected her of too great intimacy with another man. This is in a town that has a long and broad street running through it named Megowan that is set apart by the Christian city council for houses of prostitution for white women. If the handful of infidels who are in Lexington were to blow in every dollar they have it would not pay for the liquor that those Megowan street women drink, and these prostitutes whose patron saint is Mary Magdalene, the "bosom" friend of Jesus Christ—see "The Mount of Olives," bound in olive green, 75 cents, Book Lover Magazine, 53 West 24th street, New York city, for further particulars—are supported by the Christian moneyed aristocracy married and unmarried of Lexington. Parts of Vine and Water streets are similarly set apart for Negro houses of prostitution. Not a great while since a young fellow named Shipp walked out of the biggest Campbellite Church in Lexington so soon after his baptism that his hair was not dry; went straight into one of these Negro houses of prostitution and killed a Negro man who was his rival in the affections of a nigger, and was only detected by losing his hat in the dark. He was tried in the Lexington court house, was acquitted and followed down the streets by a gang of applauding and enthusiastic admirers. He was acquitted because his daddy paid Billy Breckinridge a big pile of money to do it.

The daddy was a Sunday School Superintendent in the Campbellite Church, and was, naturally, a bank cashier. The daddy got the money by robbing the bank of which he was cashier and was put in the penitentiary for two years for it, is now out and to the best of my knowledge and belief has never been communicated from that church. The Campbellite bookkeeper of the bank, who assisted Shipp in the robbery skipped the country.

The priests and preachers of Lexington are a gang of lazy pot-gutted devils who are not worth the salt in their bread, they live by lying about religion, and there is not one of them who cares for decency or morals, or who will turn his hand to stop matters like this McCarty business that are continually going on here—these things are not the exceptions but the general rule in the affairs of Christian Lexington.

I cannot appeal to Christian women; they won't read my paper, and they want no higher happiness than to swing onto the coat tails of these preachers when every day the papers contain accounts of the licentiousness of priests and preachers with the women of their flocks.

But what are our infidel women going to do about it? True you can say it's Christian husband murdering Christian

wife and none of our funeral, but, that won't do; you must stand up for your sex. It has taken nearly all of my life and nearly all of my fortune to oppose this infernal Christian religion the vilest fanaticism that ever cursed the earth.

I don't want a cent of your money but my publisher needs your assistance financially and morally—your money and your encouraging words—to help him to get to the world my exposure of the Christian villains as nobody else has done, is doing or seems likely to do.

If our infidel men are not manly enough to stand by me and support me in my work against a religion that produces such fiends as McCarty, let the men go to hell like shot off a shingle and you women stand by me with any money that you can honestly get and easily spare, and I will crush this Christian fraud yet.

Nobody but an ignoramus, or bigot now professes to believe that the Bible is true, and the only plea that is made for the Christian religion is that it is moralizing in its effects. That is just as untrue as the Bible is.

A Christian general in command of the United States army at Manila has admitted that he issued a general order to destroy all men and women and all boys down to ten years of age. Of course they saved the young women for their lusts just as the Jews did in Canaan by the special order of God, and an American soldier writes that he was one of eight soldiers who caught a handsome young woman and the details of the account, printed in our American papers, are enough to fire the heart of any true woman against the whole Christian religion for the atrocity; it is perpetually perpetrating against the defenceless.

No civilization, no morals, no liberty, no happiness—nothing but crime and misery—can exist until the Christian religion is destroyed and the principles of the National Liberal Party announced at Cincinnati on last January 27 are put in its place.

These Christian villains would today burn me at the stake if they had the power, as they have always done honest men when they had the power, and these Lexington priests and preachers would today send me to the penitentiary as they congratulated themselves had been done three years ago, if they had the power now, but I have exposed their villainy until they can no longer do this and I propose to get them down and keep them down until they will be executed by all honest people.

RELIGIOUS.

Rev. G. W. F. Burch, of New York City, chairman of the committee that prosecuted Prof. Charles Briggs, was buried in the Lexington (Ky.) cemetery. He had previously died.

At Pittsburg, Pa., Michael Conley, a Christian of the Irish persuasion, got drunk on Sunday, April 27, and kicked his mother-in-law down steps and killed her. Sister Conley and her sister were also drunk. This is carrying the mother-in-law joke too far and ought not to have been done on the Sabbath.

In Hazelton, Pa., on Sunday, April 27, at a Catholic Church, Thomas Smith killed Michael Chory.

New York, April 26—Mrs. Rennselaer Worden, a leading worker in the Methodist Church in the village of Hyde Park, dropped dead at a prayer meeting, says a Poughkeepsie dispatch to the World.

A reception had been planned to welcome the new minister, Dr. Kikelham, Mrs. Worden was foremost in arranging the reception and she was the first to give her testimony in the prayer meeting that preceded it. She spoke fervently of her experience in church work, and just as she ceased, clasped her hands to her heart, gasped for breath and sank back into the pew dead.

Comment.—Still there are people who blow into gun barrels and thaw out frozen dynamite and go to prayer meetings.

The New York World gives an account from which I extract as follows:—The girl was a mass of burns from head to foot. Her clothing had caught fire and she had run out into the street. She was Miss Louise Scollard, 18 years old, of No. 825 Willoughby avenue, Brooklyn, the adopted daughter of Dr. Henry J. Taft. Miss Scollard was reading her prayer book in the kitchen when her skirt caught fire at the open door of the range. Before she could realize her danger she was all ablaze. Miss Scollard has many friends, who speak of her as an exceedingly bright, handsome girl. She was educated at the Convent of St. Joseph in Sumner avenue, Brooklyn, where she became imbued with a deep religious fervor. Dr. Taft adopted her some years ago.